

12
The Voice of Danger, the Voice of
G O D.

A
S E R M O N

Preached at

St. *A L B A N S*,

A N D A T

B O X - L A N E,

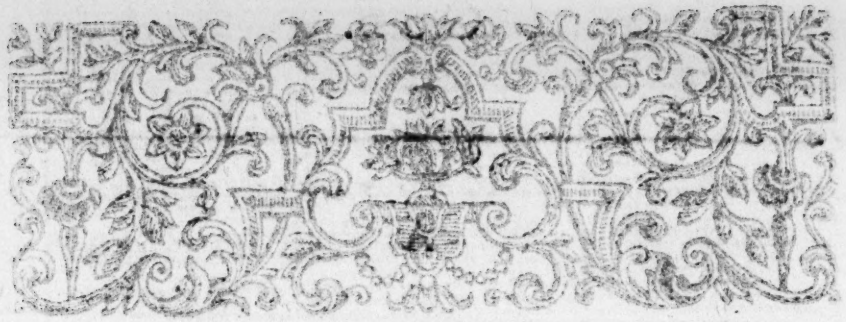
Chiefly with a View to the apprehended
I N V A S I O N.

By J. G R I G G.

L O N D O N :

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2 E R M O N

EXODUS XXXIV. 24.

Neither shall any man desire thy land.

... O 24. ... divine command, ...
... determined and ratified by uncon-
... mon exercises of Almighty power,
... having rescued the Hebrews from
... their Egyptian bondage, and given their un-
... lettered reason to expect a country for his
... own, a country promised to Abraham, for his
... descendants, four hundred years before, was
... again visited by the Presence, that first benedict-
... ed him as the Bull: a Presence that now
... bowed the heavens, and descended upon mount
... Sinai; which, as an Altar for the world,
... kindled, to burn incense before the world's
... Creator. Here, as the Prince, and Father,
... of the numerous people he had delivered, the
... illustrious Favourite received a constitution,
... for their observance in the promised land; a
... constitution of which it was an essential part,
... that all the males of Israel should assemble, at
... their Temple, three times in a year; namely,
... at the Passover, a Festival to be held about
... the

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EXODUS XXXIV. 24:

Neither shall any man desire thy land.

MOSES, under a divine command, ascertained and ratified by uncommon exertions of almighty power, having rescued the *Hebrews* from their Egyptian thraldom, and given their unfettered feet reason to expect a country of their own, a country promised to *Abraham*, for his descendants, four hundred years before, was again visited by the *Presence*, that first honoured him at the *Bush*: a *Presence* that now bowed the heavens, and descended upon mount *Sinai*; which, as an *Altar* for the world, kindled, to burn incense before the world's Creator. Here, as the Prince, and Father, of the numerous people he had delivered, the illustrious Favourite received a constitution, for their observance in the promised land; a constitution of which it was an essential part, that all the males of *Israel* should assemble, at their Temple, three times in a year: namely, at the *Passover*, a Festival to be held, about

the Spring-Æquinox, in memory of their coming from *Egypt*, and of their First-born preserved, when the First-born of the natives were destroyed; at which also, it being the beginning of Barley-harvest, a sheaf of the First-fruits was to be presented, in pious acknowledgment of the Goodness that had blest the springing of the Earth; at the *Feast of Weeks*, to be observed fifty days after the *Pass-over*, and therefore called *Pentecost*, when Loaves of new corn, as the First-fruits of Wheat-harvest, were to be offered, in gratitude to the generous hand that fed them with the finest of the Wheat; and at the *Feast of Tabernacles*, to be celebrated, at the *Autumnal Æquinox*, after they had gathered in their corn, wine, olives, and other fruits; when they were to dwell in *Booths* seven days, to remind them of their unsettled condition in the *Wilderness*, and to adore the Goodness that had crowned or compleated the year. Now, since *Israe*l was to settle in a country, which, if she happily expelled the present inhabitants, was in a neighbourhood that knew nothing of *Israe*l, and would probably, prove her enemy, the national worship established by the Hebrew Constitution, might seem inconsistent with national security; for a Country so exposed by a resort of all its males, to some well-known place, three times a year, would, naturally invite an Invasion: to prevent, therefore, an objection of this kind, by removing the only ground that could produce it, *Israe*l received promise, that, upon these occasions, no man

show

should desire her Land; and this promise she received from a Hand, which, by proving itself capable of suggesting all kind of motives, had sufficiently satisfied her of its authority over the human heart.

This little piece of sacred history may, possibly, furnish a few thoughts to which we may, properly attend, and by a divine blessing, with considerable advantage, at a juncture when our settlements abroad are strongly invaded, and we justly expect a powerful Invasion at home.—

What is it then, that we dread? What reason for the apprehension? What is our duty? and what are its motives?

I. What is our dread? The loss of our Land. The loss of our Land in *America*, which, in the opinion of good Judges, would, more than a little, affect the weal of this Nation. But the Land, we chiefly intend, is *Britain*, our native Country, a Land which to lose, were a calamity.—In short, a calamity that complicates every evil, but guilt; and which to prevent, the man, who would not hazard every other evil, deserves not the name of a *Briton*. Miserable enough is every country which becomes the seat of war, to invite the pity of every feeling heart; but for the *invaded* country, no foreign heart could sufficiently feel; and *Britain*, invaded by *France* would merit the compassion of a world; would command it from every Nation, that was not divested of compassion by an interest in the success of the Invader.

To

To say that the Enemy *lands* is dreadful; to say that he *proceeds* is more. Think of honest Industry roused from his peaceful midnight rest, and obliged to resign to the midnight plunderer, the hopes of to-morrow, in the reward of yesterday! See the chest opened by its owner, to the hand whose only right is blasphemy, and the point of a sword! See one Town in ashes, and the next in a flame! Hear the shrieks of virgins, and matrons, losing their honour, or soliciting a ravisher's sword to preserve it! See neighbour applying to neighbour, friend to friend, relative to relative, for a security equally wanted by the solicited! Joined by the disaffected, and the timorous, behold the Enemy engaging our Forces! Think, if thou art a *Briton*, think of the stake that moment depending! thy dear native country! Image the battle, for that day lost! Image its consequence! Not the compleat, or immediate conquest of the *Island*; but, at least, for a moment, *Britain* would feel—perhaps, as she never felt before! A panic were, probably, inevitable; and probably, but momentary. Battle to battle must succeed. Image our Troops, again defeated! The *Foe* still, and still, prevailing! The desolation how dreadful! How general! The giddy and wanton, of both sexes, would see cause to be grave! The *Flinch* would weep! The stubborn bow! The hardy tremble! And even *Inconsideration* think! The mimics of *France* would repeat their irritation! Yes, ye base-born progeny! or if illustriously descended, disenabled by your deeds! soon would

would you find the difference, betwixt the
(a) *Harlot*, and the true mother! Soon—But
hold. With the *curse* let us not mingle the
 blessing! For *such*, and *such-like* purposes *only*,
would the *Invader* conquer, one would invite
Invasion, and pray for conquest. For, who
would not welcome the wave that rolled over
nothing but Guilt? It is, however, no such
matter. Equally cheap with a *French* con-
queror, is the daughter of vanity, and the (b)
Woman whose *price* is *beyond rubies*! No Sons
so likely to perish, and to perish first, as those
who gladden most the hearts of their Parents,
and from an honest love to their Country,
would tell the Enemy, with an honest Indig-
nation, they had the soul to despise her! This,
indeed, were *great*; but a *little* Enemy would
not discern it. The suckling at the breast,
might weep, or, far stranger, might sweetly
smile, in vain, and parental bowels would be
let out, to yearn over it! Age might roll its
dim eye, wave its silver lock, and go down to
the grave in sorrow! Who, indeed, can ex-
pect to be distinguished, in the day when,
France, or *Perdition*, is the sole alternative?
only the *Worm*, which will not turn over the
foot that crushes it. In truth, when *France*,
like a deluge, comes over this country, *Virtue*
is not the *Ark* that saves you. Think of whole
Families cut off! of survivors bereft, to the last
supporting, the last pitying friend! Among or-
phans, and widows, one even hears the sigh

(a) 1 Kings iii. 16.

(b) Prov. xxxi. 10.

"O! to have been among the dead!" Think of many a gallant Heroe in chains! Think of your Nobles, Princes, your King, contending to the last, and contending in vain! See the Earth drinking the best blood of its Inhabitants, till the Stones relent, and the Heavens blush to behold it! At length behold the Land itself a *Widow*! weeping over the poor remains of her Family! Fainting at the feet of her Conqueror!

It may be said, that even in case of an absolute conquest, thousands and ten thousands of the *English* might live, and be happy. But whoever says it, must have a false notion of *Life* and *Happiness*, or a false one of *France*. Let us imagine ourselves among the survivors. To hold our Family, our Possessions (if of any thing possessed,) our breath at *French* arbitration; to smile but with *France's* good leave to eat what bread, and speak what language she pleases; to take back a few scraps from the *Spoiler*, mighty grateful to the generous hand that throws them; to pick the crumbs, beneath our own Tables, where she sits; to till, and water with our tears, for an Enemy, the Land we could not save for ourselves, and our friends; to see *France* bear home the harvest with shouts, charitably suffering us to glean the stubble; to become shepherds of our own flocks, while she wears the fleece; to rear our herds, for her to slaughter; to feed our swine, not daring to touch the husks; to draw at our wells, happy if we may drink as we draw; hew her wood, and freeze; build

houses, yea burn her bricks, and even find the stubble; watched by the masters of our task, with scarce a sheltering hovel, for ourselves; were this to live? to be happy? Such life, such happiness—~~I would wish it my enemy, but a protestant Bible forbids.~~ To see our fallen, bleeding Country—~~Fallen~~ have I said? is the epithet improper? Become a Province to France, and shew the Pit that is deeper! It is not the Grave, however. Bleeding Country? The term is indeed barbarous, but therefore, it is just. Britain will have bled, till she cannot lift a sword, before her arm receives a fetter! Her very Spirit will depart, and leave her a perfect Carcass, before she rejoices the talons of the Eagle (c). If this were to live, and be happy, to what could one give the name of Death, and Misery?

Nor is the contest with mere (d) Flesh, and Blood, but with one of the Principalities, and Powers, a spiritual Wickedness. Intercepting, therefore, every ray of every kind of prosperity, behold an innumerable Priesthood! a true swarm of Locusts! settling, and devouring every green thing! Now comes a famine indeed! For the Bread of Life, and living Water, behold the bitter bread, and the corrupted Pool of Popery! We Protestants, it seems, are children, who cannot distinguish food from poison, and therefore must confide in a Parent! And what a Parent! She provides a feast, and compels us to come in! But what if we are obstinate? Why then undoubtedly the Parent corrects! No,

(c) Mat. xxiv. 28.

(d) Ephes. vi. 12.

No, she *destroys*!—Thy pardon, *Papery*! com-
pels us into Heaven!—Equally *kind*, she snatches
your Infants from the breast, to teach them,
that to stab a *protestant* parent ensures one of
the brightest crowns above! This is the Parent
that *seeks up every Bible*, and *silences every Pulpit*
that would persuade you to the contrary! This
the Parent whose affection is *strong as death*!
This the Parent, that will send you to read the
Truth by the *Flames of Smithfield*!—Where
then is the Protestant Religion? at the centre
of a wood! in the dungeon! whispering at
your chimney-side, while your servant, a spy
for your *tender* parent, listens at the door!—
And, to *finish* the catastrophe, *such* the coun-
try *subdued*? and *such* the conqueror! A Race
of *free-born Britons* prostrate in the dust before
a *Nation of Slaves*! Britons who, unbeholden
to *France*, have been free, and might have de-
fied the world to enslave them! From the
shame of that day, there is no mantle but
the *Grave*; from its horror, no refuge but
Heaven.

If this Picture wants any thing, we conceive
it is shade; and all the revenge we desire up-
on the man who thinks otherwise, is, that the
scenes we have imagined may never rise to con-
fute him. If such a man is very sure, that he
cannot be confuted, let him, for us, be single
in his assurance, for

II. Whether we think of the Enemy, or
think of ourselves, our case is not such as ought
to preclude all apprehension.

As to the Enemy, —

1. *Who is it?* *France.* — Apprehend from *France*? So *polite*, to *civil* a neighbour? — To speak the truth, it is granted! In peace, *polite* as *Joab*, when he took *Amasa* by the beard, with “(e) Art thou in health, my Brother!” and in the act of salutation, shed out his bowels. Her *civility* in the last war, many an *English* Prisoner proclaimed, from the *dead**. And if she attempts the *Invasion* we apprehend, it will inevitably begin and proceed (as far as she can carry it) with the exercise of all imaginable cruelty, if she conceives such a method will best promote her purpose. In which, no doubt, she will stand *self-justified*, by the *mis-application* of no very ill principle: Severity to a few is mercy to the rest. She might call this, shaking the *Tree* to bring the fruit into her hand, without plucking, which might endanger the branches. The maxim however she *mis-applis*; because the *Tree* is none of her own, but forbidden to her by the *Authority* that prohibited the *Tree of Knowledge*: not but she may be strongly tempted, to taste the fruit, and by the very *Serpent* that tempted *Eve* to taste it.

An Enemy with generous principles, could be generous; but generosity from *France* were the *Grape* from the *Thorn*. Her utmost generosity would be that of the Robber who spares the

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the Enemy. We think we think of the Enemy. (e) *Samuelson*. * *V.* a pamphlet published in *Holland*, as it was supposed, by an *English* Nobleman, mentioned some uncommon instances of her *civility*; as *shaggy* *Bul-*
lets, &c.

the purse he cannot find, the chest he cannot open, and the life he cannot attempt, for fear of your musket, or your mastiff. And since, if she comes, it is exactly in the character of a Thief, and a Murderer, as such adjudged and condemned, every *French Soldier* deserves to be treated, who approves the scheme he endeavours to execute, and be that as it will, such treatment might be supported, upon better principles, than any from which *France* can invade us. Indeed, by this very enterprise, so uncommonly dangerous to the Troops that should make the descent, *France* would appear to hold her own blood, nearly, as cheap as ours. Her sons, having never seen themselves out of a chain, imagine it a limb of their own; but if honest *Nature* happens to whisper to the contrary, and they happen to echo the whisper, the chain is sure to receive a new rivet. — Is therefore, the monster to her own off-spring likely to make the tender Parent of an adopted Family? Would she promise, would she swear it? For that very reason, the fact were improbable: for the article she subscribes, she afterwards alters to her own mind; and if you absurdly object, you are charged with a *pretentious* attachment to the Letter, while she, with a freedom, a latitude of learning, discerns the sense, and the spirit.

In short, is *France* the despotic Power whose sons are vassals? A Power, in the present case without motives to be tender? and void of principle to maintain her *right*? Will her Troops, if they land and engage, fight as in the most

desperate enterprize ever attempted? Will they come, as surely, with a yoke in their hands, as with one upon their necks? And is not the most distant rumour of such an Invasion sufficient to justify an alarm?

2. It is a *Papish Power*, and therefore to a protestant country, a natural, and the bitterest Enemy: an Enemy from principles, such as they are; for *Popey* teaches her *Votarys* to dispense with Truth, when concerned with a protestant Enemy; nay suggests, and sanctifies barbarities, at which Nature, left to herself, would honestly shudder.

Nor House, nor Hovel, nor even the open Air of France is free to its protestant natives. For singing a Psalm, or sighing a Prayer under an Hedge, they are sent to pray, and if they can, to sing, in a Prison. If, by her Priests, the tender Parent cannot convince them of wickedness, she can demonstrate her own, by her *Dragoons*.

Their Lewis the Grand, (and Grand indeed, if what vilifies a Man shall ennoble a King) with the Saviour of the World at a heart conscious to wishes and schemes, which executed had laid the world in ruins, proclaimed with what Religion he intended to oblige every country he could conquer, by the measures he pursued with his own subjects; for in his reign, France to Protestants was the Lion's Den; the fiery Furnace, in which if they were preserved, it was through a Miracle, wrought by the presence of (f) the Son of God.

* A Crucifix.

(f) Dan. iii. 25.

God. So furiously drove his Chariot of Zeal, over their Temples, and the slaughtered worshippers, that he heard not the stones cry out against him. "O harder than we!"—heard not the cry of Blood which, louder than Abel's, pierced the sky, with a demand for vengeance. That the France of the last reign is the France of the present, under one Tyrant succeeding to another, witness the sighs of thousands, in that Country, at this day; sighs that steal to Heaven; from hearts dreadfully afraid they will be heard by the way; witness ten thousand Refugees; who in a foreign clime, fear not to speak it aloud; objects of the tenderest commiseration; forced hither, and into other countries, for the bread of a temporal, and for that of a spiritual life; though to the first, by the *Law of Nature*, they have a right in their own Land, and the *Christian Law* gives them a right to eat the latter, wherever the *Universal Father* is present to dispense it; which, (eternal honours to the Dispenser, and to him who brought the world the charitable intelligence!) is every-where. And when France conquers Britain, and obliges her with a Toleration which her own subjects durst not solicit—Britain shall thank her. And if the French Protestants, still at home, imprecate nothing upon their Tyrants, he owes it to the gentleness of a Religion he forbids them to practise—a thought which cannot but remember us of France, on whose head we feel a thousand motives, for invoking the best of blessings. And God Almighty bless the truly Great Man. Th

The tender Father of a thankful People! The Patron and Bulwark of Liberty in Europe! And may none of his Family fail to deserve such an invocation!

3. The Projects of France render her a formidable Invader. Her darling, and her darling plan is, *Universal Empire*. Every Nation upon Earth is to be a stone of the Building, and she the Topstone. She has imagined a chain which, when she has linked it together, she throws upon the world, ties the captive to her Wheel, and exhibits her Triumph to the Heavens. These are *strange Images* in Britain, but too familiar to France to excite her wonder. Popery too, at present, and always, the only true Church, is to commence Church Universal. The conquest, therefore, of Britain, a Protestant Land, a Land of Liberty, and of considerable consequence to Truth, and Liberty, wherever they prevail, would prove a long, perhaps the longest link in her chain; and it would, undoubtedly, facilitate the completion. No labour, no cost would she spare, in the prosecution of this glorious, this dreadful conquest; dreadful to us!—In sad truth, beyond all expression, dreadful!

4. France is a bordering enemy. She has Parts convenient for assembling and shipping her forces, and we have extent of coast to receive them. France is the Rock, beneath which we were instantly in atoms, and that Rock is for ever projecting over us. — If it be objected that France is not the Rock that can descend with such a vengeance, one might answer,

5. Her

Her Power is not what some would represent it, mere weakness. Her Troops are numerous; it is almost a Nation of Soldiers. At Sea, where so much depends upon being superior, she has, for some years, been waxing stronger, and stronger. She is not without her allies; having gone forth, and by deceiving the Nations, attached them to her Interest. By one sort of *vain* she has made way for another, namely, *Falsehood* stamped with the face of *Truth*. By pretending to clear, or strengthen the sight of a Nation, she has turned it stark blind; too blind to discern that *France* was never any one's friend, but her own; a Truth which might have been read by a *Cataract*. As an *Enemy*, *France* will crush if she can; as a *politic Enemy*, only not lower than she can. She knows well that *Britain* hates a chain, and if it is not too strong will be apt to break it. Wherever there is policy it may be considered as a part, and the most formidable part of Power. While the *Foe* is above-ground, some *drooping flower* shall predict his approach; but the turf that covers the *Mine* bears no *prophetic flower*. Her Preparations, at this juncture, are sufficient to alarm us. Her troops rendezvous, and at places convenient for the apprehended purpose. That *blasphemy* is the plan, they appear to believe, who probably have the most evidence; they tremble for their country, who as well understand its condition, and love it as tenderly, as some who affect to laugh at its dangers. Laughter, however, is folly, or worse, and

and therefore, will not diminish the danger : and every possible measure of defence will be justified of Wisdom, because the omission might create such a design, if not pre-conceived, and invite the attempt, if it was. — Indeed, if the whole be more than a part, if Liberty and Religion be dearer than Silver and Gold, the Nation will hold no expence too much that shall prevent, or defeat a French Invasion.

It were, perhaps, absurd, to be quite unapprehensive, whether we consider, the defensive posture, or the moral character of our country. Consider, build on, build that it be

I. The Strength of the Country, by Land and Sea. And thanks be to God, for the power in our hands. Yet, what numbers the French may land, at what place, or places, to confound, or divide our Troops, no penetration can prophesy ; and perhaps, any conjectures would be vague. It may, however, be asked, without absurdity, Is the battle always to the strong ? the mind always present to the brave ? If it be urged, Is there not a Providence ? We answer, undoubtedly, and allow that Kingdom never fell, unobserved by an eye without the notice of which Satan cannot steal from the human heap, the aerial nations cannot be diminished by a sparrow. If it be further demanded, And will Providence permit France to conquer Britain ? We affirm, that the Enquirer has no authority, positively to answer his own question, in favour of his Country.

Let not Britain, with invincible obstinacy, insist upon her moral character, illustrious, and with-

without blemish; for Nation never yet had what it boasted. Indeed, of all Iniquity, God deliver thee, my Country, from self-righteousness! The Person who would fain know why Britain may not retain the spirit of a Lion, might be told, because the innocence of the Lamb has deserted her.

History exhibits more Nations than a few, tending to their dissolution, by the prevalence of gross enormities; nations betwixt whom, and Britain, the resemblance is more striking than one could wish. Nor is this the opinion, only of the Clergy, and Presbyterians, but of men as clear of Enthusiasm as the man who shall call this canting, only something more of the Patriot. And has nobody heard of a *Prodigy*? A *Monster*, a sort of *flying Dragon*, bearing off a *Woman* with a *Shield*, and a *Sceptre*? Let the *Dragon* be *Venality*, or *Vices*, in general; the *Woman* *Britain*; and many a good man has seen this Image, at noon-day.

Could we prove, what we will suppose, ourselves as good, nay a better people than *France*, would this ascertain our security? What if a country has stood, the foundation of an *Empire*, which it raised, by superadding nations as good, or better than itself? And then rushed down with its own weight, or was fetched away, gradually, by Nations wickeder than the *Empire* they demolished? Possibly, many a wicked people may be heaped into an *Empire*, by the hand of Providence, to be consumed together, with the fire of Divine Indignation. The difference, indeed, of national characters

can

can be determined precisely, only by the Judge of the whole Earth, who knows the respective duties of Nations, by knowing their privileges respectively. The question therefore, is not, so much, what we are, or what France is; as what our advantages might have made us; and to what France had been formed by the same divine Charter?—We see the question in which we are interested. And has not Britain, with gaiety, and hardness of heart, beheld wonder-ful works, that would have cloathed some countries with sack-cloth, and sprinkled them with ashes? France, beyond all doubt, has planned for the sky; but, by laying the foundation too narrow, would probably terminate her Building in a point, long before she brought it thither: yet Providence, for any thing we know, may permit her to build away, with Holland, England, and other countries, for materials, till, like Babel, she stands confounded in the clouds, or till she meets a thunder-bolt as she rises.

Name England with Israel, and what will the comparison imply? The text is a promise to that distinguished people, of holding their Land sacred from the desire of an Enemy, when, at the three grand Festivals of divine appointment, the males assembled to worship Jehovah, their God, and who had given them this remarkable promise: a promise, of which the fulfilment would prove a protection by a standing miracle. Indeed, not only their annual assemblies, but all the worship of the Temple was national; and the worship was

daily. Uniting them as a people, and as the people of *Israel* was the design, and the means were divinely adapted to the end. Perhaps nothing so capable as *social worship*, of knitting, and sustaining a people together as *one man*. Especially, when the people worship at the same time, and pretty nearly, in the same manner. — Far from reflecting upon what is called the *Church of England*, would to God, it could include every good man, who loves his Country! As it is, a *Sabbath-worship* unites us; and the *union* may, possibly assist the *worship*. Who never found his public devotions animated, with the thought, “What numbers of my Countrymen are, this day, this hour, devout as I am, in the worship of the one God, in the name of the one Mediator, by the sweet influence of the one Divine Spirit!” But a thought, — alas! which must often be succeeded by recollecting what numbers are, at the same time, unhappily, *otherwise employed*. A recollection, however, which ought not to dispirit devotion. Let us worship with redoubled ardour; and fervently remember the forgetters of God, and themselves.

The Power whose is the Earth, and its fulness, gave Canaan to the Hebrews, with those reserves of sacrifices, and offerings, in which might well repay the offerers with instruction in righteousness; but they were assured, that an attendance upon divinely appointed worship should never procure them, if it might seem to threaten, the Loss of their Land. A Sabbath-day worship is, beyond all cause for dispute, indi-
seen

indispensible, if *real Religion* is to exist among us. The evidence for observing it amounts to a *Divine command*; and while essential to a spiritual, it is no way inconsistent with a temporal Interest. This is true, if National Virtue, and National Felicity, are connected, a point which no honest man has the face to contest.

The Promise likewise, evidently implies, that a neglect of appointed worship would endanger the Country. How striking the moral!

O that we could send it to the heart of Britain!

To the heart of every man who revels, rambles, or saunters away the sabbath!

It must, however, be granted, on all hands, that *Vice* and *Misery* may be named together, without *Enthusiasm*. The History of the *Hebrews* deserves the perusal of every Nation, as

the History of a people, never failing to be peculiarly happy, till, to enormous degrees, immoral, and then, as constantly, becoming remarkably wretched. Indeed, a distinguished

people cannot fall so lightly, as another. *Ju-*

dea, with her *Harp* on the willow, by the

River of *Babylon*, might have obliged her In-

sulters, had she remembered a *Land*, valuable

only because *natal*; but the music was demand-

ed of the *Harp*, and voice, that had perform-

ed, in her *Temple*.

Let it be observed, that a People is not a

single Person, capable of *Vice*, and *Virtue*,

like an Individual, and as such, subject to their

attendants, and consequences, here, and here-

after; yet a country is righteous, or wicked,

either according to the character of its inha-

bitants,

bitants, in general, or, as virtue bears, or bears not, some tolerable proportion to the opportunities for virtue. It is true, a Nation may be denominated, among its neighbours, from national transactions; and such denomination will often, be just, for the Governours of a people, who choose them, will probably transact what the people approve. A Nation, however, cannot well be guilty of a Tyrant's transactions, for which it burns to sacrifice the Tyrant. Perhaps, as matters go, one must call a People good, when public faith is inviolable, when good laws are, tolerably well, executed; and when the number of good men is considerable, though, of virtue, and Piety, it cannot be said, that they universally, or even generally obtain. But when public faith is a shadow, or, be that as it may, when, of all ranks, men are extremely depraved in their manners, and consequently, in their principles; and when this is true, to the astonishment of the few honest men scattered through a Kingdom; or when scarce an honest man lives to be astonished: one need not stick to pronounce that people wicked, for it is so in a sense liable to no objection.

Now, as *national prosperity* alone was promised to *Israel*, even that was promised purely to *National Virtue*. She could not, indeed, have neglected her ritual prescriptions, without immorality, because the neglect had been a breach of God's command; but, in her *Temple*, *Synagogues*, and *Private Houses*, she might have performed, even to the minutest

rite,

rite, and continued immoral; to the minutest rite, therefore, she might have performed, without any title to the blessings promised, because the term had been yet unfulfilled, which was not the ritual observance merely, but that with its end, even a good heart, and life. She might have (g) tithed, to the very stones of her Land, and felled all the week round, but while the weightier matters of the Law were neglected, she was a wicked Nation. To the *Bullocks* upon her *Altar*, she might have thrown her (h) body to be burned, but wanting love to man, from the divinest principle that can actuate the human heart, and which yet is necessary to render any temper, or action at all divine, love to God, she had been a wicked nation, and for that reason, without room to hope for divine protection.—And the *History* of the *Hebrews* proves what their constitution more than implied; for they were threatened, and visited, with the severest calamities, while yet they (i) sat before God as his people, and upon no account, would have lost a (k) New Moon, or a Sabbath. In the *Sanctuary*, where so apt to grow weary in an hour, *Britain* might reside through the year, and fall to *France*, the moment she left it. In suffering *Jeroboam*, and other execrable Princes, to dishonour her constitution, *Israel* sinned more than when she altered its form, by crowning a King. And when, in a variety of instances, the Sceptre had been swayed by throned Iniquity, it was snatched

(g) Luke xviii. 12.

(h) 1 Cor. xiii. 3.

(i) Ezek. xxxiii. 31.

(k) Isa. i. 13.

snatched by the *Roman Eagle*, before *Shiloh* came. If the *British Sceptre* has not, as often, been swayed by *Iniquity*, has not *Ingratitude* murmured, when *Virtue* swayed it? The *Jewish* dispensation was a *Lamp* to convey that people across a desert, till they reached the plain way to the Father: they reached, yet would not discern it, though there lay the light of the morning, increasing to a perfect day. *Britain* has seen, and confessed this to be the way; but has she walked in it?—Like the *Tabernacle* to the *Temple*, the *Temple* itself was, in *Miniature*, the *Temple* of the *Christian Age*; a *Temple*, too large for *Samaria*, or *Jerusalem*, designed to extend all the world over; of which *Christ*, the *Shechinah*, was to unite all nations, into a *spiritual Israel*; and whose worship would, always, ascend with acceptance, before the *omnipotent Father*, from an *honest heart*, and from that *Altar alone*. His People *Israel*, for want of a *spiritual discernment*, saw (l) *no form*, *no comeliness* in him, nay were ashamed of their true (m) *Glory*. We *Gentiles* have been enlightened, and what if, so much the more, the children of darkness?—The knee of *Israel* was often bending to *Idols*; the knee of *Britain* is not quite so supple—We retract. Instead of the (n) *Golden-Calf*, have we not the (o) *Mammon of Unrighteousness*? A *God*, whatever we dream, that cannot lead us to *Canaan*. For *Bad*, or the *Sun*, have we not the *Pleasure of Sin*? A *Luminary*, with

Britain,

(l) Isa. liii. 2.

(m) Luke ii. 32.

(n) Exod. xxxii. 4.

(o) Luke xvi. 9.

Britain, of the first magnitude. For *Allaroth*, the Moon, see the (p) *Fallow of this World*, as often renewed, and passing away. For the (q) *Star of the God Remphan*, lo! the (r) *Pride of Life*, lifting its head to the stars! And for the (s) *Host of Heaven*, we have the *Lust of the Eye*, with other (t) *Affections*, and *Lusts*, as innumerable. A sort of worship this, as inconsistent with the *Christian*, as *Idolatry* with the *Hebrew* constitution. Nay, did we never pollute our *Holy-Services*, with *Ideas* of our *Idols*? which were to introduce *Idol-Images* to the *Christian Temple*, as surely as (u) *Manasseh* erected them in the *Temple at Jerusalem*. — “*The (w) Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord are we*,” was the impious boast, till their *Temple* fell by the *Roman Soldiers*; but the building stood, till the *Temple of the heart* had not one stone upon an other. If that *Temple*, with us, is not yet levelled, is it not crumbling away? — *Britain*, behold the tenderest eye that ever wept, streaming over (x) *Jerusalem*! When, in prophetic vision, it foresaw the blow that was to finish the felicity of that people! If thou art not, this day, killing the *Prophets*, hast thou never repayed the warning of *Holy Men*, with the smile of contempt? Remember, however, that *Judah* completed her ruin, by adding to her other *Iniquities*, the rejection, and murder of her *last Prophet*; by breaking the heart that yearned to save; shunning the

(p) 1 Cor. vii. 31. (q) Acts vii. 43. (r) 1 John ii. 16.
(s) 2 Kings xvii. 16. (t) Gal. v. 24. (u) 2 Kin. xxi. 7.
(w) Jer. vii. 4. (x) Mat. xxiii. 37.

wing that spread to shelter; fastening to a Cross the arms, that opened to enfold her! O Britain! if thy fall be determined, and the eye that wept for *Sudab*, can still weep, is not that eye, this day, streaming over thee?— Shall we add? Whoever feels *nothing* at the Image of the Saviour weeping over *Jerusalem*, is not a Christian! Is not a Patriot! Is not a Man!

On the verge of *Ruin*, could *Israel* utter a sigh, which *Britain* might not adopt with dreadful propriety?

Is there an alarm of losing the Land? Have we always adored the Lord of Nature, who sent the shower to soften the ridges of the field, the sun to quicken the grain, and ripen the harvest? And the fruits of the ground have we divided betwixt Temperance and Charity? Not that the chearful moments of Prosperity are to be remembred with horror. The bounties of Providence descend not, as punishments; Heaven drops not fatness to command to abstinence; but then, if any man breathing be happy, it is the grateful man; for Gratitude makes the most of a blessing; leaves no honey in the comb; in proportion, as any heart overflows with Gratitude, that heart is, to itself, an overflowing Fountain of pleasure. So true is it, that to be grateful is to enjoy, and that to enjoy is to obey.

2. Is there ground to fear, that the Land may flow with the blood of its inhabitants? Have we so well improved the blessings of peace, as not at all to deserve the calamities of war?

How has Britain returned a thousand fold for the favours she has received? Can she not provide

3. Can we, even *bear* the sound of a *Chain* preparing to bind us? Doth not *abused Liberty* frown, and cry, "O *Britain!* it is thy *due!*"

4. Are not our places of worship very much deserted? and, very much witness to a mere *bodily service*? While thousands are scattered abroad, are not ministers preaching to *walls*, or to an *handful*, of which some are as *impene- trable* as the walls that enclose them? Not to mention the *venerable bed* that came far to worship, after the hard labour of the week, for *such* an observation were cruel, is not the *sleep- er* often interrupting the wakeful worshipper? The *Temple of Jerusalem* stood, long after *Israel* was, no more a people, but, a wretched *Pro- vince to Rome*; a favour which we are far from expecting of *polite France*, when we become a *Province*. Our *Temples* would hasten to the ground, and what reproaches would they thunder as they fell? "We could not open your hearts to the King of Glory! Could not prepare you for his presence on high!"

5. Is the *Spirit of a Martyr* among us? for *this* only can determine the question. Whether *Britain*, under a *French Government*, would behold a *Martyr*. To compleat our midnight horror, would the conqueror kindle those *ter- rible fires*? alas! they would remind us of a *Gospel-neon* *extinct*! Would not *Spectator* *An- gels* exclaim, "Unhappy Land! Yet the *Piles* took fire, only when *Christian Love* was dying upon the *Altar!*"

6. How has *Britain* returned a thousand providential interpositions in her favour! To

select only two, in the reigns of the bloody Mary, and the feeble James, Britain hung, by the hands, and the knees, (that is by prayer) on the edge of a precipice, and was plucked back, by the Heroine, Elizabeth, and William the Immortal; and yet, when next on the Precipice, might not the only Hand that can save her, protest, (y) "I will deliver you no more?"

A people is, necessarily, better, or worse, for the means of growing better; for, to want a privilege, and abuse one, can never be the same thing. With nothing to improve, Improvement is impossible; but whoever has one talent, may have another, and therefore must, or be poorer than nothing. And not to improve the richest blessing, is the last degree of poverty. Ten talents cannot be wrapt in a napkin, so cheaply as one. What can the Vineyard expect (z) that brings forth wild grapes, when more could not have been done to make it produce the true? If Britain sees not her Interest in these questions, she is blind, and not far from wretched. What other privilege could have been her's? And how Mercy could have been more abused—May she never know, by abusing it more! — We are, this moment, thinking of a Country, better defended, by a strong natural Barrier, than any of its neighbours; often strangely endangered, and as often, more strangely rescued from danger; in every privilege, and chiefly the sacred, illustrious

(y) Jud. x. 13.

(z) Isa. v. 4.

ous beyond all the world; yet repeating a transaction which the (a) *Sun* would not shock himself with beholding; and infamous among the nations, for two crimes, to (b) one of which there is no temptation, and the other has been (c) punished with fire and brimstone, even upon Earth. Tell us, *Britain*, the country intended—Thou art thinking of *Judea*. “And *Judea* it was, or whatever country, it fell, and it ought to fall.”—Too far, too fast, abundantly. The Country we meant yet stands, the more is the marvel! thou art the Country, and *Britain* is self-condemned. After all, we pretend not to predict when this Land shall be seized by the *Harpy* that desires it; and may Time prove the man a Prophet who predicts, “Never!”

III. Let Duty have a few reflections.

1. Even the calmest hour, with a Nation, or an Individual, may without folly think of a Storm; and especially look to the quarter from whence it may be expected. Not that one should always tremble beneath an imaginary tempest. Leave it to the wicked to fear always; and to the brute, never to look beyond the present moment. In the finest day, the eye of the seedsmen, or the reaper, will often turn upwards, at the thought of changing weather. *Britain* is ever sowing her seeds, or gathering her harvests, and by long experience knows the suspicious quarter; knows *France* to be always, the tempest collecting, or the collected tempest; knows that a flood is not far off,

(a) Mark xv. 33. (b) Swearing. (c) Sodomy.

when all the cloud to be observed is no bigger than the *Prophet's Hand*. To repeat what has been said, at least, ten thousand times, though it may still prove a vain repetition, forethought in prosperity may prevent, and will prepare for the hour of adversity. That *France* is a growing Power, should affect us at any time, for this *Goliath* has the heart of a *Philistine* against the *British Israel*. To talk of invading us, in the face of the Sun, is to proclaim that she now finds herself a Giant; for time has been when she durst not dream of such a project. No wonder, indeed, that with the spirit, she should attain the size, and the strength of a *Monster*. But that, even in a time of peace, *France* should be watched as a *Monster*, a malevolent *Monster* to *Britain*, and above every thing, prevented from becoming the *Leviathan* of the Ocean,—need not be inculcated from the *Pulpit*, till we want a *Senate of Patriots*.

2. Sensibility and consideration always, but chiefly in danger, become us. The *Leg* may lye like itself, at the foot of the tumbling mountain; but the *beasts of the field* have their apprehensions. Man is more liable to calamities than brutes, in proportion as his happiness may exceed theirs; yet one incontestible proof of a Providence, nay of its wisdom and goodness, is man's capacity of discerning misery, while yet at a distance. Excepting *Earthquakes*, her most awful, but happily her rarest exertions, *Nature* observes the course established by her Author, for the preservation of Man-

Mankind, his family ; so that one Nation can seldom greatly annoy another, but some warning will precede the attempt. Even Guilt warns, for it rises by *degrees*. The man, or Nation, therefore, that receives an alarm, and will not look round, listen hard, has eyes and ears to no purpose, and not the stupidest animal so stupid.—*Are we in danger?* is the first question. A question worthy of a reasonable being, in the *hour of security*. Whether his house be safe, the Inhabitant may ask, and search, when unattacked by the Robber, and there is no cry of fire; but to go quietly to bed, after having observed the lurking Thief, or Incendiary, were the very Madman. Nay, in proportion to the danger, one would wish to be alarmed. The house on fire, or the robber within, and much to lose, are piercing thoughts. And were *Britain* roused far, far beyond her present apprehensions, her fears were yet as far beneath her reasons to fear.—“Why? Is the House fired? Has the Thief entered?”—No; but *France*, with a *Torch* in her hand, is at the door, and an enemy is within, treacherous enough to unbar it. Let *Britain* beware of the *Household* enemy! She has called it a *Friend*; but if she falls to *France*, this *Friend* betrays her; and if, in spite of *France*, she stands, she may yet, one day, fall by the hand of the *inborn* Tyrant, *Sin*.—A Panic, indeed, is by definition, undesirable: but *Fear* is the Child of *Danger*; and should always heed the Parent's instructions, and pursue her counsel. *Danger* tells us tidings true, and interest-

interesting; she reveals from pure benevolence, and the fault is our own, if we are not the better for her intelligence. Not with the enemy's good will, she comes a voluntary Herald of the Enemy's intentions. In the present case, she cries, "*Men! Britons! Christians!* Have ye any thing to lose? What? Is it worth saving?" She presents our Fortunes in such a point of view, that a talent becomes five, nay becomes ten.—Nature is so well apprized of this, that she often images to herself the *departure* of a Blessing, on purpose to endear it; nay will shut her eyes for a moment, because then to open them gives new beauties to a Landscape, new glories to Sunshine. Danger points to *British Liberty*; and if *fair* before, she is now an *Angel*. She beckons to *Religion*, and all Heaven opens in the countenance. Danger shews us, in the *Sanctuary*, the *Door barred*, the *Pulpit silent*; and we immediately listen to the Preacher, as were the *tongue of the Saviour himself* beseeching us to be reconciled to God; every weapon drops, and we feel, "*this is indeed the House of God! the Gate of Heaven!*" Danger takes the *Bible* in her hand, and how the Jewels multiply and brighten in the Casket! She leads us through the *Land*, a very *Wilderness* but *yesterday*, and *to day* a perfect *Canaan*! The River whose *Water* was none of the *clearest*, flows with *Milk*, and the *bitterest Bread* becomes the *sweetest Honey-comb*! Shall we add, she steps up to his *Majesty* on the *Throne*, new gilds his *Sceptre*, and turns his *Crown* into a *Diamond*.

Prospe-

Prosperity is, generally, the first Messenger which Heaven sends to the Inhabitants of a Land, to engage them for Religion, and their own happiness. Her periods are flowery, all harmony is her voice, her arguments are conclusive, and with some hearts she proves a successful Pleader: but though every body cry, "Let her plead for ever," Multitudes fall fast asleep as she pleads. *Danger* arrives, upon the same errand, and spoils the dream of the sleepers. Her eye is the lightening, and her voice the thunder, of a distant tempest; a tempest, that must either overwhelm, or be escaped, by obeying the awful Pleader. Like *Micajah*, she prophesies none of the *smoothest* things: but let us remember, she is a messenger from the God of *Micajah*; and his messenger to a people, that slept beneath the pleadings of *Prosperity*. She not only comes to inform us how divinely *Prosperity* pleaded, and to how little purpose; but *how much longer* that *smiling Pleader* generally carries with a People, than herself: She comes to demand our gratitude to the Mercy that commissioned her; and she puts on a look that says, "Never forget me!" — In fact, the whole purport of *Danger's* Message is,

3. Get out of Harm's way: Counsel which, as the voice of *Danger*, is the voice of God. And says not *Interest* the same? Blessed God! wilt thou indeed command us to be happy? And, to the honour of infinite Goodness be it spoken, what Duty is not *Interest*? What *Interest* will not Duty secure? We cannot sure be so mad as to lift the naked Front, and meet

the Tempest! Behold the Brute hears it, and scuds to covert! Let Reason be as wise as Instinct; or crown the Brute, and send Man to range the Forest.—But how to avoid the threatening Evil? To answer it with a question, How became we endangered? Will a man beneath a cracking Roof enquire how to escape, when he perceives the Door, by which he entered the House, wide open? If our *Vices*, and our *Follies* have brought us into danger, and if these are chiefly owing to the neglect of *public Worship*, what is the Door of escape? To deny, that flagrant vices abound, and that *Wisdom* lifts up her voice to the deaf, were rather a *Vice*, than a *Folly*; for it were to assert that the Sun shines at Mid-night. To affirm that a vicious people are not in the broad way to ruin is to dispute against Reason, and to discredit all History. And to imagine that a Nation may grow wise and Holy, by *profaning a Sabbath*; rise to *Virtue* and *Honour*, or at all support itself upon *Pillars* hewn down from the *House of God*, were the wildest flight that Imagination ever made.—A God, and a Providence, over every Nation and Person; the malignance, deformity, and consequences of Immorality, here, and hereafter; the intrinsic excellence of Religion, or the *beauty of Holiness*, with its rewards, present, and future; the necessity of Repentance, with its strongest motive, the assurance of a Pardon, proclaimed by one who had Authority to proclaim it; a *Heavenly Father*, with an ear never sealed to the petitions of his terrestrial children; a perfect Example in the character of *Jesus*;

Jesus; a Divine Spirit, by whose influence, the infirmest Imitator may something resemble the Original; final acceptance with the eternal God, through the Intercession of a Mediator; close reflections upon these and other sacred points, and often pursued, are of moment indispensable to the attainment of a good, christian, or the best attainable character: and in such reflections it is the Province of the Pulpit to assist us. The general Goodness of God; and the most astonishing instance of Love that could have been exhibited to a fallen world, even the mission of a Saviour; are themes of necessary attention; and they are themes of the Pulpit. But can the Pulpit reach us in the *Fields*? In our *public*, in our *private* Houses, can the Pulpit reach us? Even *within these Walls*, can it reach us, when, excepting these bodies, Dissipation has scattered us over the face of the Earth, wherever the fool's eye can ramble? Let it not offend, if we ask, Can the Pulpit reach us, *if it is not in earnest*?

That public worship answers no better, is not the fault of the Institution, but of the Worshipers; as the excellence of the christian Religion is absolutely unaffected by the ill conduct of its professors. It is, however, pretty evident, that the Sabbath-neglecters are, generally in other respects, less virtuous, and pious, than the regards of a Sabbath. It might also be observed, that neglecting public worship, an admirable means of promoting Religion, is, for that reason, if for that *only*, *Irreligion*. Bad, however, bad enough, God

knows, we are; and no man has a right of objecting to Divine Worship, as the means of growing better, who has not a scheme to propose, which he thinks more capable of the purpose.

But why *must* we needs grow better? If *Folly* must have an answer, because things nearly at the worst should begin to mend.—Is not *Britain* more than a match for *France*? God knows, that *Britain* has not the strength she had. Hale, and robust as she was, she has weakened her blood; for Virtue is the best blood of a Nation.

4. Danger requires an eager, and speedy flight. The Brute closely pursued, must feel the *rage* of hunger, or thirst, if it stops to graze, or to drink; much less will it gambol as it flies. Danger has its peculiar Duties; Fasting, Prayer, and the abstaining from pleasures, at another time, comfortable with all the innocent, and virtuous purposes of Life.

IV. And now what might, what might not be urged, in plea for speedy repentance and virtue? O to impart our feelings to every *Briton*!

Among various Motives we suggest the following.

1. This, in all probability, saves us. Would *Britain* break the cords of *Delilah*, she might defy the *Philistine*. History, for one that discourages, shall turn you to a thousand animating instances. The nation that, in a day of felt darkness, drops upon the Knee in the *Valley of Humility*, is sure to be led, by Heaven's

ven's own hand, to the top of a *Mountain*, where all is sunshine. As if *Repentance* could wrest the Thunderbolt from *Omnipotence*, He who so peremptorily threatened *Niniveh*, in forty days, exchanged her Sackcloth and Ashes, for the Garment of Praise. Had *Israel*, with all her tribes to a man, or very generally, worshipped at her *Temple*, and improved that worship to its spiritual purposes, the *Roman Eagles* had soared, the *World* had lifted its banners, in vain. She might, perhaps, this day, have been *Queen* of many christian Nations; perhaps, the *World* had been *Christian*, and *Judea* the Mother of us all. Providence will interest itself, only where it can appear with honour; and it cannot fail of Glo-y, by espousing the Cause of a repenting Nation. Indeed, according to the established order of things, the virtuous Nation bids fair for outstriking its vicious Neighbours.

Repentance, however, we mean *Christian* Repentance, infallibly saves Individuals. Tears mingled with the Blood of the *Lamb* are as sure to the spiritual Leper, as *Jordan* (c) to the Syrian.—*France* can chiefly, hurt the man that has reason to be afraid of Death; and that man is in dreadful danger, though *England* should stand, when *France* is no more.—O to give a Sinner a true Image of his condition! The *Idea* would drink up his moisture, and he would faint like the Life-gone Traveller in the burning Desert! Yet then, might one shew him (d) rivers of water, in a dry place, and the shadow of a great Rock

(c) 2 Kings v. 14.

(d) Isa. xxxii. 2.

Rock, in a weary Land. Once would he hearken to the Thunder, one might cry, Behold a *Covert from the Tempest!* A Flood has been predicted by a greater preacher of righteousness than *Noah*, and the *Prophet* himself is an *Ark* from the Deluge.—And to Nation, or Individual, one should suggest an immediate escape, because futurity is contingent to both.

2. *Repentance and Holiness*, or *nothing*, will save. Who would not try the only expedient? They who imagine there is another. *Vice*, or *Virtue*, it must be. Deluded country! Shall *Vice* deliver thee?—Having sent her forces to watch for the *Invader*, is *Britain* secure? On her Couch, may she slumber, over *one* Elbow, till *vice* the *assassin* steals to the *other*? O sleeper, awake! and beckon *Virtue* to snatch the *Dagger!*—"But were it better to meet *France* with a Flood of tears, than with the thunder of an army?" What if we met her with both? If it be said, *Chaplains* might *preach* to Soldiers, as they *pray* with them, and never touch hearts, as hard as their swords; and that, could it be done, *thus* to soften were to *spoil* an army; the first article we allow, and deny the second: their hearts, indeed, in general, are steel to Religion; but *thus* to soften the heart, were to whet the sword, and brace the arm of a Soldier. If valour forms the Heroe, the *Good Christian* must forget his principles, or be more the Heroe than any man: he would be firmer where it were fatal to be timorous; warmer where ardour, and cooler where to be cool were important. At least if *any* Hand could gather *Britain* the wreath of victory, it were the

the Hand of *Virtue*. Guilt can either be timorous, or desperate; but Religion, ever uneasy *behind*, is not prone to *pass* the Heroe. — Nor is it quite certain, that warm speeches in favour of *Virtue*, and *Liberty*, passionately pronounced to an army, would not have a better effect than the passion of *Blasphemy*. If not from the *Chaplain*, from the *Officer* what Soldier would not more than *bear* it? A method which, however neglected by modern Warriors, was observed by the Heroes of Antiquity——If prayer be any thing, Penitence, or nothing, prevails; for Prayer, wanting an heart, would not move the lip for an impenitent people. If Providence be any thing, it is best for the Nation to relent, since the Power, who commands it, is far from the hard Master. *Britain* should return to day; because the descent grows deeper at every step, and to morrow, her foot may touch the *Valley of Destruction*.

A return also is the only thing for *Individuals*. Let the Leper think of nothing but *Jordan*; for every thing else is * *Abana*, and *Pharpar*. And whoever fails of an instant return, says to his foot, Take hold of Hell. Sinner, if thy foot is up, turn to the right, or make another step in that path, at thy peril.

3. Let *Britain* return to God, and she stands or falls with some degree of *Glory*. To have resisted the measures of Heaven, till they were all weary, even the flame would burn us to a cinder: but to comply, though with a *last* effort, if it would not ensure the protection, would at least obtain, for our final moment, the

* 2 Kings v. 12.

the compassion of the Sky. *Britain*, weakened as she is, with her moral disorder, by refraining what she knows to be poison, and by the exercises of Religion, might obtain a cure; and tell the world the health of her heart, by that of her countenance: and he who prescribed these means, would hardly destroy her, when restored. One might venture to pronounce it at least very improbable; because, merely for its own sake, no Country was ever saved or destroyed; and national repentance succeeded by national ruin, were an event, which the *Father of all Nations* would not, for their sakes, often exhibit to his children. *Britain*, though a *younger*, yet among the Nations, what a *favourite Child*! This tear of Joy to his Country, of Gratitude to God, could a Son of *Britain* forbear? Our *Country* has indeed defiled her garments; nor are her hands, nor is her heart unpolluted; but the Stream of Repentance would fetch the filth from her heart, the stains from her hands and garments: and thus washed, and adorned, with the tear still in her eye, a precious pearl with Heaven, it were not in the heart of Heaven to proceed against her; at least it could not be done, without, (e) *How shall I make thee as Admah!*—Sure it could *not* be done! For *Britain* were then an *Angel*, and would need no other Guardian. If, however she fell, since not for an Angel's crime, *unrelenting Pride*, it were something to fall, like an *Angel*. And rather—But how to speak it!—Yes, rather let us *fall*, than stand

(e) Hof. xi. 8.

stand like Adamant, beneath Goodness that would rend every thing, except Adamant!

And every good Christian that becomes a better, every Sinner that becomes a Christian, shall live an honour to himself, an honour to his Country; and when he dies, whether by the hand of *France*, or by that of *Nature*, *Virtue* shall pay him the indebted tear; *Virtue* shall embalm his name; *Eternity* reward his soul. *Britain, Christian, Sinner*, what thou doest do quickly! Whoever demands a reason, let him take his answer from a *Dial*, or a *Sun-beam*.

4. How dreadful were the fall of *Britain*! *Britain*, that stood so long! so marvelously! that might have stood for ever! Built and sustained by such an Hand! In such moments sustained! by such Interpositions! To have answered such purposes! and this her catastrophe! A City founded on an *Hill*, there to receive the strongest beams of Heaven, and reflect them to the wondering world, become the *Valley of the Shadow of Death*! *Detesting Tyrants*, and by *Tyrants enslaved*! *admiring, boasting, abusing Liberty*, till bereft of the *Darling for ever*! The country to whom the *Gospel* travelled from *Judea*, and happily uncorrupted by the way, like *Judea* punished, for the crime of *Judea*, rejecting a *Saviour*! Behold the *Land* once famous for *Integrity and Honour*, become a *Den of thieves*! a *Land of gentle Doves*, what is it but the *habitation of Dragons*? What the *Vessel of honour*, but a *posyherd*? The *Nation* that held the *Balance*, weighing the rest, what an

atom! the same to the world whether it *wanders in the wind*, or *settles in either scale!* O *Britain*, to be *heard* of no more, but in *tragic tales!* no more to be *seen*, but as a *Ghost in Tragedy!* — Forbid it Heaven, that, by anticipation, I should have been pronouncing the soliloquy of *Britain's Guardian Angel*, over a Country she can serve no longer! — But can a more aggravating circumstance be imagined, than a Nation's falling by its own hand? And if *Britain* falls, she is the *Rock* to herself; she falls a *Suicide*.

And as the *Briton* who survived his Country would find small relief by reflecting that it stood longer than it deserved to stand; what shall sooth the sorrows of the man, who, in another world, shall never be able to recollect his peculiar privileges without their misimprovement, and yet shall never be able to forget them? What can weaken the *Worm* which recollection creates, and invigorates, when recollection *must* be perpetual? What shall quench a fire to which the sight of *Abraham's* bosom will be fuel; when the eye will, involuntarily, turn every moment to the *Bosom of Abraham?* One would imagine, that with this Image alone a man might win the world to virtue. — Fly *Britain*, fly thy vices! Every Individual fly! Either there is reason, or it were rational to rush into the chasm produced by an *Earthquake*.

Shall we resume the subject, in an address to the Inhabitants of the Land? Ye that stupidly yawn away the Sabbath at home! Is there

there no subject for thought? Is not *Time's* Successor *Eternity*? Who has given you the bread of the week? Would you know an easier method of attaining it? Your ears open at the thought; before they seal, come hither, for happier intelligence. What is it? You shall be acquainted with a method of getting *better* bread. — Ye Sabbath-wanderers, and wide of your end, collecting in wanton companies, assemble here, and be happy! Gay as ye are, it is the spirit of a disease; come to *Bethesda* for your cure! — All ye wanderers in the *Wilderness* of *Vice*, in a wilderness you are! winding ye know not where! Your ground is enchanted by the *Phantom* you are after, called *Pleasure*, but her name is *Vanity*! Answer for yourselves, does the thorn space? does the wind satisfy? Has not the flower withered before you could pluck it? Have not your own Ideas hung the Heavens with blackness? Have not you heard the thunders, met the flashes of *Sinai*? Have you not met a *Lion*? You, one day, will meet him, for there he rambles, Monarch of the Desert; and there he may devour. O turn your feet into the Paths of *Wisdom*, or *Religion*, where *Pleasure* rolls the peaceful stream; where every bough has not a thorn, for here stands the *Tree of Life*, no forbidden, but a *commanded Tree*; you may pluck, and live for ever. Here are flowers that never fade; here, if any-where, is the true sunshine. Here is *Mount-Zion* which speaks nothing but the *Law of Love*; here is the *Lion* of the Tribe of *Judah*, to save from the devouring

Lion; and here, while you are walking to *Enoch's* God, you shall walk with the God of *Enoch*. And as we apprehend the *Christian Temple* opens into these *Walks*, we invite you thither where better than *shew-bread* is broken every week; and where a *monthly feast* exceeds all the Festivals of *Israel*; at which the *Bread*, and the *Wine* are but *Shadows* of the entertainment. — Thus you may save your *Souls*; if that be little, we add, thus you may save your Country. And can ye bear to be stiled its Destroyers? Yet Charity forbids not the epithet. If you can effect it, the righteous will soon be under *fifty*; under *five*; O think of *Sodom*! — Fellow-Christians! Countrymen! Was *Britain* ever happy? Did not our Fathers live to *Virtue*? For *Virtue* did not our Fathers expire, to preserve their country happy? Is it happy, this day? Such would we transmit it to Posterity? We would, or have not the souls of our Fathers. — Wives and Daughters worse than murdered before the eyes of Husbands, and Parents working their fetters to the bone, with raging efforts to deliver them; ye Parents, Husbands, Wives, and Daughters, what Images! At the thought are we not almost in fetters? Are we not, rather, all resolution, that, by the Grace of God, they shall never get hold of more than Ideas. — To be that to a *Frenchman*, which you would bleed to make a brute to you, and this, at the expence of your conscience! with your right hand to plunge the dagger in the heart of a wife, child, parent, or receive it in your own! to see the Nation
burn

burn like an Oven, a Furnace, till the Elements melted with fervent heat, and the *protestant Religion*, *British Virtue*, the very name of *Britain* were perishing with the embers! Were it not a spectacle? and *falling*, or *fallen*, to *France*, *Britain* presents it. — Or grant that a few, escaping the sword, might scatter into every foreign clime; behold our condition, in that of the Jews of this day! The mirror would flatter us! The Province plundered by *Rome* to its last Garment, and the Belt that would have been worne for a garment, were a flattering mirror; because Land never lost what *Britain* pants to save! O, by the dread of the *British* race extinct, or worse than extinct, in *Popery*; by the hope of this, and every awful scene reversed; by a Passion for Glory; by every Passion; by all that was sacred with our Ancestors, is sacred with honest men this day, can be sacred, with such, in futurity; by the experience of Felicity transmitted from more than the third and fourth Generation behind; by the wish of transmitting it to the last Generation that shall behold the Sun; by the wish of being congratulated by ten thousand times ten thousand, at the Judgment-day: Fellow-christians and Countrymen, contribute your utmost to set *Britain* beyond the dread of *France*! Be the man who shall take up arms, the hero! Be every man the Patriot! In virtue, even Women and Children contribute! The mites of the *Widow*, the *Infant's* mite shall be wellcome! And whoever will not contribute, make out his claim to the *Christian* character as he can; as a *Countryman* he stands disclaimed by every *Briton*. — Fall to *France*? deprecate the moment, or, wherever born, thou art a *Frenchman*! E'er *French Dragoons*, let every beast of every Forest enter the Land! — Fall to *France*? We cannot, for we will not! *Britain* fettered, and starving in a Dungeon, should never ask *France* for
Bread

Bread and Freedom, for it were speaking to the ear of a *Tempest*; courting the mercy of *Cruelty*. She should ask a *Stone*, a *Scorpion*, heavier *Irons*, and the *Wheel*; which were more than to *dispute* the wreath with the Tyrant. --- O for a *general* repentance! but, however particular, it may *prolong* our national tranquillity. And whoever, by repentance, shall add a moment to the date of his Country, *deserves* a Crown upon Earth, and shall have it in Heaven.

To conclude,

1. What, upon Earth, is certain and durable? What, indeed, if a Kingdom is not? But Earth itself has no foundation. The Nations are the Sea, for strength and commotion; and just like its waves, they rise and fall into one another. A *Coronation* itself shall teach a King his condition. The Crown totters on his head, and the steps of his Throne shake, as he ascends.

2. O to reach yon better Country! A Kingdom not to be shaken, even with an alarm! The *Holy-Land*, which no man shall desire. And perhaps, even there, we may collect for worship, on stated occasions, at a *New-Jerusalem*. What must we become, if we hope for Heaven? Remember the character of the Land, it is *holy*. And who is not polluted? Who is not a perfect *Leper*? And who is not near to *Jordan*?

3. Let our Country tremble, yet not despair; and hope, without presumption.—The Degeneracy of the times is said to have been the lamentation, and the cant of every age. However if we are not a worse people than formerly, God defend us from becoming worse than we are.—We might be a Nation of Saints; and are we? Where is the neighbourhood that clusters with good characters? Call the *Christian-Temple* the Palace of *Britain*; and in dreadful Characters, she has seen, upon the

Wall

Wall (g) *TEKEL*, which her *Daniels*, even *Priests*, and *Patriots* have explained, "Thou art weighed in the Balance, and found wanting." Has she not reason to tremble? Yet let her not despair, *MENE* has not yet appeared; Heaven has not said, "Thy Kingdom is finished." She has time to step into the *Christian Armour*, and in that, she need not fear to re-mount the the Balance—The Perfidy of *France* will not suffer us to despair. If, "Thy Kingdom come," was ever on her tongue, she prayed against her own; at least, against her extending it hither. She may come, in quest of a *Canaan*, but not in the Name that sent *Israel* to *Canaan*. We have not iniquitously desired her Land. May we not hope?—Our Forces are—O *Britain*! beware of *numbering* them, in the pride of thy heart! Were they ten times more, there *only* to depend were to *fall*. Recollect who makes the hand, and the heart strong, in the day of battle.—Wilt thou appeal to the Ocean, am I not walled with strength itself? Thou art, however, *dreaming* of safety, except a *Wall of Fire* surrounds thee. Thy Fleets are, indeed—*are?* and *indeed?* why possibly, thy Fleets *were*, when we begun the Sentence, and now, *are not?* At best, they ride upon waves which, with the winds that raise them, obey the *Power* who demands thy Obedience; *almost* in vain!—Will *Britain* say, "Bad as I am, God I thank thee"—Be ever thankful to God, my Country! but *one* truth is always better *felt* than expressed. Leave *France* to vaunt the *Pharisee*; it is in her manner; she loves to thank God for the *Victory* she *cannot*, let her thank him for the *character* she *will not* obtain. The *Publican* be thou; for Mercy loves to justify such, as tremble at the thought of pleading any thing in their own justification.

Finally, Let us pray! *We*, especially, who cannot serve our Country, in common with our Countrymen;

(g) Dan. vi. 26, 27.

48 *The Voice of Danger, &c.*

trymen; though it is not because we love her less. *Britain*, is not this a wrinkle in thy Garment? May it, however, be the only wrinkle! We cannot be *Joshua*, or with *Joshua* in the Army; but we may, and will be, *Moses*, or with him, on the (b) top of the Hill.—“Almighty God! King of Kings! and Father of Nations! Protect the Throne of our King, which thy good Providence has established in righteousness! Preserve us from the wicked hand of *France*, and from every wicked hand that shall wish to destroy us! Deliver us from our Corruptions, and Lusts! As long as the Earth endures, may we be that free, that religious, that happy People, whose God is the Lord! And let all the People say, Amen!”

H Y M N.

SHAKE, *Britain*, like an Aspen shake!

Behold thine all, all, all's at stake!

Lo! *Vice* in arms! thy potent Foe!

Not *France* can strike so sure a blow!

By more than *Jonah* warn'd, beware!

Yet let not *Niniveh* despair!

Melt ev'ry heart! stream ev'ry eye!

Such penitence shall melt the sky!

Vice, at the sight, shall faint away!

And *Virtue* smile, not noon so gay!

Still *France* might rage our *Isle* to gain,

But *Hell* should help her *Friend* in vain!

Plenty shall crown the *Holy Land*!

And crown it for no foreign Hand!

The *Briton* born shall dye as free,

And Slaves, and Tyrants, dye to see!

Britain shall feel, and feeling own,

God is her *Shield*, and God alone!

And Heart, and Voice, and Life, shall sing

To GOD, the UNIVERSAL KING!

(b) Exodus xvii. 10. 11.

F I N I S.

